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Yankee and in  
Her trouble  
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"Sidons, J. Howard



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Book 228











Joachim Heyward Siddons.

# YANKEELAND IN HER TROUBLE.

AN ENGLISHMAN'S CORRESPONDENCE  
DURING THE WAR.

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The following letters were addressed by Mr. Siddons, in October, 1864, to Mr. John Bright's newspaper, the *Star*. They incontestably prove that an Englishman could heartily sympathise with "Yankeeland" in her trouble, as a republican to the back-bone. Mr. Siddons had been a resident of the United States for four years and a half when the letters were written. Soon afterwards he was in England procuring skilled laborers for the Union foundries, factories and ship yards, and to that end wrote and published a "History of the United States," the "Emigrant's Friend," and other works:

*To the Editor of the Star:*

SIR: It is high time that some Englishman who understands the Yankee character, and has neither been specially commissioned to abuse the Republicans nor butter the Southerners in a Democratic garb, should enter upon the task of setting his countrymen right regarding the aspects of the war, and the real nature of the noble people who are struggling to preserve their cherished Union. I could wish, as the honorable gentleman says when a toast has been intrusted to him, that the office had devolved upon an abler hand than myself, but the truth is there are no Englishmen in America (except Goldwin Smith, who has judged American institutions aright,) from whom an intelligible sketch of the people and the country can be derived. Excepting the merchants and their clerks, who from prudential—say, commercial and interested—motives as sedulously eschew politics as they would avoid the purchase of any other unmarketable goods, there is hardly an Englishman in Yankeeland who can be called an educated gentleman. Of course, I do not include the aliens who left their country for their country's good, and who swarm in the streets of New York, trying, like so many Jean Valjeans, to conceal their names and make their peace with God. The education of many of these poor fellows has been, perhaps, too good for their principles, and their struggles for bread amidst a smart people who can beat them in their own line, are too absorbing to give them time or opportunity to study character or meddle with politics. Moreover, they have no better means of getting at the hearts of the brave Yankees than any of the "correspondents" who live at hotels, liquor with all manner



of rough people who call themselves politicians, (they either pull wires or swarm the lobbies of Congress,) and are avoided and detested by the better classes, because, mistaking the surface for the depth, they devote their energies to a slap-dash abuse of everything to which they are unaccustomed, and the rational causes of which they do not attempt to penetrate. I cannot give you a better notion of the impressions which Americans generally have received of Englishmen than by telling you that they firmly believe it is a part of our religion to aspire our *hs*, and that not one of us knows anything of the history or even of the geography of the United States. And this impression, as deduced from the Cockneys and Lancashire people who come out here, strengthened by the malevolence of Irish misrepresentation, is about correct. Hence my reason for breaking the ice. I may add—and then away for good with egotism—that I have passed several years in the Northern and Western States, neither engaged in commerce nor fighting for bread, enjoying the best society, though seeing much of the worst, and am now residing in one of the most charming and picturesque towns in brave old Massachusetts. A sense of justice alone, and the conviction that, in the columns of the *Star*, I should obtain an impartial hearing, induce me to depart from a previously settled determination to sit quietly down and see this monstrous game of chess played out.

The present mail will bring you some account of Yankee reverse and checks. *A propos* I use the word “Yankee”—and shall always use it—in its broadest and least offensive sense. It is almost needless to tell you that the term originated in the Indian mispronunciation of the word “English,” and was applied by them to the first settlers. There is nothing more disgraceful in it than the word “Feringee,” which my old friends, the Hindoos, apply indiscriminately to the “lord saheb” who rules the roost, and the “common European,” whom the *Quiliches* used to regard as “interlopers.” Besides, the Southerners have exalted the title “Yankee” by employing it to describe the opposite of themselves. It is the type of everything that is brave, earnest, thoughtful, liberal, and kind. If that particular Connecticut peddler who devised the wooden nutmegs had not brought disgrace upon the Yankee trader, no one would ever have been ashamed of the term.

Well, the Yankees have had some slight reverses, and of course they will influence the price of gold here, and send up Confederate bonds in your disordered market. But these reverses will neither affect Mr. Lincoln’s prospects in New England, nor chill the hearts of the Republicans. On the contrary, every little check seems to animate the people to greater exertions and to a more liberal opening of their purse-strings. I see a great deal in the English papers about the exhaustive character of this war—the impoverishment of the country—the impossibility of getting recruits, &c. Undoubtedly war has its mischievous influences upon society here as it had in England when Wellington was fighting our battles in the Peninsula. I am old enough to remember how stocks went up and down when good or



bad news reached England. How the people stormed and raved after the victory at Vimeiro had been tarnished by the Cintra Convention ! How the Common Council puffed with a determination to have "that fellow" removed after the sanguinary fight at Talavera ! How moody and despairing all England became when we heard of the retreat from Burgos ! How the Opposition trembled, or affected to tremble, as the national debt increased its terrible proportions ! And yet we survived the war of twenty years, and came out of it a greater, a better, and a more prosperous people. The lesson has not been lost upon the Yankees. As we fought and hoped against hope, so will they fight and fight with something more than hope to sustain them in their good cause.

You hear a great deal in England about the trouble of getting recruits, and of the tricks resorted to by kidnappers to swell the ranks of the Federals. Of course, if Irishmen will get drunk upon vile whiskey and stupifying infusions, they must not be surprised if they wake up and find themselves either in a barrack-yard or a station-house. Hodge, ere now, has been tricked by Sergeant Kite into the British service in a similar manner. But the authorities sanction no such undue means of obtaining soldiers, and if it were only hinted to them that in the British army men are allowed four days between the hour of enlistment and that of attestation to think about the matter they would so modify the laws as to check the chicanery which has had so serious an effect on immigration. The real difficulty in obtaining recruits consists in the superior attractions of commercial gain over the blandishments of the romance attaching to patriotism. Thus it is that you will see columns of the *New York Herald* and papers of a similar stamp swarming with temptations to men to go as the substitutes of gentlemen who have been drafted. You will judge of the enormous profits of trade by the fact of as much as \$800 being given to a man who will join the army as the representative of some enterprising manufacturer. The Government connives at this for two reasons—in the first place it encourages enlistment without putting the public to extra expense ; and, in the second place, it keeps the manufacturer at his mills or his forge and furnace, and enables him to contribute largely to sanitary funds, fairs, and commissions. The factories are of as much importance in the successful prosecution of the war as soldiers are. Grant, Sherman, Farragut, and Gilmore must have guns and shot and shell, locomotives, monitors, ambulances and a vast amount of material besides. Where is it all to be got if every able-bodied man is pressed into the ranks ? When Mr. Lincoln calls for "five hundred thousand more" it is not because he expects to get them, but because he wishes his countrymen to see that he is determined to push the war to a successful issue. He keeps alive the public spirit by this assurance, that there is still much for them to do. The Yankee is a nervous, excitable sort of being ; he gets tired of the same game, becomes sluggish and inert if not stimulated now and then by a glaring exhibition of what is yet demanded of his patriotism. When the worst comes to the worst—when the rich and

prosperous are not permitted to send their representatives into the field, you will see such a gathering as has not been approached since the first call to arms. Take, as an example of what the American will do when the danger is really close to his doors, the conduct of the Philadelphians when Stuart made his raids into Maryland. At the call of Governor Curtin 7,000 of the best blood in Pennsylvania flew to arms in twenty-four hours prepared to repel the invasion. And if Pennsylvania, with some Southern proclivities in her midst, will do this, what might not be expected of the grand New Englanders, the foremost to rebuke the outrage committed on the flag? If Grant by his perseverance, not by his successes, establishes that there is a large infusion of John Bullism in his character, he will never need followers. At one time all Massachusetts would have sworn by McClellan and fought under him *à l'outrance*. But his shilly-shallyism, with its attendant results, cast serious doubts on his sincerity as well as his capacity, and now there is not one man in all the East who honestly cries "God bless him!" But Mr. Lincoln must be steady in his confidence in Grant, and I think he will. There has been too much withdrawing of generals after reverses. Hooker, Butler, Hunter, Burnside, and Banks are cases in point. They have all been unfortunate at some time or other. But that is no reason why the President of the Republic should have treated them as Napoleon did his marshals, petting them one day, and suspending them the next. If they were not Massenas, *enfant gâtés de la victoire*, neither were they Marimonts, *toujours malheureux*. Grant has kept his word, and has fought for Richmond "all through the summer." He knows the way to the hearts of his countrymen. Once acquire the confidence of the Americans by steadiness and integrity of purpose and they never desert you; once deceive their hopes, either by an escapade or mischance, and they never forgive you or restore you to their regard. This rule holds good in all their commercial transactions, and may be accepted as their rule in politics and war.

I see that Millard Fillmore, the ex-President, who has been living for some years past at Buffalo, and practising the law (for to this necessity the paltry salary of a President reduces the magistrate who lays down the sceptre,) has written to say that he does not make speeches or write letters, but he intends to cast his vote for McClellan. Of course Mr. Fillmore is true to his old superstitions, and the North could not have a stronger proof that McClellan goes for slavery and the Union than this same vote. The nomination of the Chicago convention will no more operate upon the strong minds and righteous purposes of the New Englanders than the votes of the city of New York did upon the nomination of Mr. Lincoln. The Democrats are always in the majority in the large cities, for this simple reason: the Irish abound in them, and their votes are generally to be had against any one who is supposed to be favorable to the ultimate abolition of negro slavery. This has always appeared to me an anomaly. If labor has been rendered disgraceful (in Yankee eyes) by its association with slavery, the Irishman who desires to see his

profession exalted should go in for a measure which abolishes the disgraceful taint. But no; he believes that, once free, the negro would come to the North and compete with him in the labor market, and this delusion the Democrats sedulously labor to perpetuate. Now, if the abolition of slavery were to operate upon the labor market at all, it would be by leading the free negroes to go South, and seek employment in a climate more congenial to their nature. However, while the delusion lasts, and the poor elector believes that if he helps his party into power he may become a policeman at least—if not, the custodian of a lighthouse—we may be sure that there will be large Democratic majorities in big towns. But it is far otherwise in the farming districts and among the great manufactories. They love the Union most heartily. They are profound believers in its ultimate reconstruction, and they know that, questions of large capacity set apart, (and I don't think Mr. Lincoln merely a fool and jester,) the present President is an honest and a brave man, true to his pledges, and as disinterested (pecuniarily) as any human being can possibly be.

I have said enough for the present. It is my intention to continue to write until I learn that my communications are unnecessary or unacceptable.

MUZAFIR. X

CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS, October 4.

*To the Editor of the Star:*

SIR: When Sidney Smith wrote his famous lines on taxation, and predicted the servile war which was to place America upon a level with England in respect to financial burdens, he could never have anticipated the philosophic calmness and patriotic endurance which mark the acceptance of the present heavy infliction. The descendants of the men who refused to drink taxed tea and allow of a stamp act in the last century, are foremost to practically acknowledge the imposts which the Government has found it necessary to establish for the purposes of the war. In England we are irritated at the domiciliary visits of the gentlemen who, in the name of the Queen, present little strips of printed paper, containing at once a demand, an intimation, and a threat. Sewer rates, church rates, water rates, income tax, dog tax, property tax, are so many unavoidable abominations which we pay with a reluctant grunt and a growl at the Chancellor of the Exchequer. Here, on the contrary, the tax-gatherer is never troubled to call for the dues of the Republic. Men cheerfully walk down to the comptroller's office and pay whatever sum they may be assessed in without a murmur. And this lets us a little into the secret of the wealth of the Bostonians. I have been surprised, on examining the tax book, to find so many persons in possession of "real estate," or, as we should say, fixed property. A considerable number admit that they are worth £15,000, £30,000, £45,000, and upwards. Mr. Hemmenway, the richest man in Boston, judging from the tax book, pays on nearly half a million sterling. And yet all this forms but a fractional part of the substantial

X A Persian word signifying A Traveller -  
to which Mr Siddons had attached a chain  
by brandy mixed over both hemispheres.

wealth of the capital of the old Bay State. The duties on her imports last year came to seven millions of dollars, and there are countless millions represented by the immense public works, buildings, iron manufactories, and ship yards, stored goods, and the contents of the retail shops. Well, not only are taxes cheerfully paid, but large voluntary provision is made for the sick and wounded soldiers, the widows and the orphans, the equipment of new regiments, and the reception of the old ones who have returned from service. And the best of it is that no one yet seems to feel the burthen. My letters from England are full of pity for the poor Americans, and I am consoled with for living amidst so much desolation. Desolation, quotha! I wish my countrymen could just take a peep at the streets of Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and fifty other towns I could name. They would never suppose that a costly war was extant. Thousands of well and fashionably-dressed people swarm the streets. The largest shops (stores) are crowded with customers. Silks, satins, velvets, and furs, at fabulous prices, find innumerable purchasers. There was a movement several months ago among some of the patriotic women to encourage the use of common materials and home-made garments, but it did not jump with the inclinations of the younger branches of society, the newly married, and the hopeful. Great, therefore, was the rejoicing when the *Boston Commercial Bulletin* and the *New York Herald* pointed out that the interests of the country would be better served by the consumption of imported articles which bore heavy duties than by a miserable economy which would discourage the trade in dry goods and minimise the receipts at the Custom House.

But not alone in the ready acceptance of taxation does patriotism here find development. Citizens submit uncomplainingly to everything done by the Administration under the well-grounded plea of expediency. The suspension of the *Habeas Corpus*, as regards military matters, summary imprisonment, passports, the suppression of newspapers, and other features of martial law where that prevails, have become features of the model Republic, and there are neither popular gatherings, nor newspaper protests to indicate public dissatisfaction. And why? Because the people are educated to obey the suggestions of reason. They have been educated to think as well as to work; and wealth and good government have accrued as a matter of course. I look upon this state as one of the best samples extant of self-rule. Having no other mines to work, said Horace Mann, Massachusetts has mined into the human intellect, and from its limitless resources she has won more sustaining and enduring prosperity and happiness than if it had been founded on a stratification of silver and gold, reaching deeper down than geology has yet penetrated.

The negro regiments in the field are subjects of some solicitude to the New Englanders just now, for it was here the first regiment was raised. Knowing something of our West India corps, I never had any doubt, from the first, that the darkies would make good soldiers. Their docility and courage, apart from the interest which they naturally



felt in a war which they firmly believe must ultimately result in the abolition of slavery, were guarantees of their obedience in garrison, and their effectiveness in the field. But I think that Grant would have acted wisely if he had not sent them to the front soon after their organization. The Southerner affects to love the slave, and, measuring his affections by the servility of the race, abhors a free negro. When the chance occurs for an onslaught on these poor fellows it is seized with alacrity, and if they run away it is because they fancy they are too weak for their opponents, and, if made prisoners, will be treated with extra barbarity. It would, probably, have been better to have kept them in reserve until they had become familiar with the smell of gunpowder, and had learnt that their true safety consists in maintaining a determined front. One of their officers tells me that they make very sharp pickets, and good trench guards, but are not yet *au fait* at a charge. Guarding trenches is a responsible duty with Grant's army just now. The Confederates know that he is at the terrible work of sapping and mining, than which no system of warfare is more efficacious for the destruction of an enemy's works. The effect of sapping the works of the foe is to pulverize them, and make the assault of the forlorn hope a very troublesome matter. A mine, on the other hand, scatters a parapet in fragments and lumps which assist the assailants in making their way into a breach.

Lord Combermere tried this with capital effect at Bhurtpore in 1826. I recollect the *naïve* remark of the Rajah Durjan Saal—"I don't like this lord's way of making war. He burrows like a rabbit in the earth. Why don't he fight open like Lord Lake?" And if the old cavalry soldier *had* fought like Lake, he would have been baffled as Lake was. With all our improvements in missiles and projectiles there are certain laws in civilized war which admit of no exceptions. Forts must be invested and mined. It will be a hard matter to invest Richmond; but, with patience, the whole of the advance works may be blown to atoms. We could not invest Sebastopol—hence the long siege; but a *feu d'enfer* nearly as effective as a mine carried the Malakhoff. Soldiers must not operate just as their enemies like, but according to the dictates of their own good sense. Napoleon's promptitude was very distasteful to the Austrians and the old Royalist officers who adhered to the Bourbons. "Ce monsieur-là, il ne comprend pas la guerre," says the old Marquis in the play. "Il achève la victoire en trois mois. Bah! parlez-moi de la Guerre de Sept Ans—la Guerre de Trente Ans."

The poets of America are about to signalize the anniversary of William Bryant's seventieth birthday by a festival at the Century Club—the club *par excellence* of the artists, lawyers, and men of letters. This club has two weekly reunions, Wednesdays and Saturdays. On other occasions it is seldom resorted to. On Saturdays all the *beaux esprits* muster in great force. George Bancroft, the historian, is now the president. Verplanck, one of the accomplished editors of Shakspeare, introduced politics of the Democratic hue, and was very properly expelled. At the club, cigars, oyster soup,

and mild beverages make up the refectory of those who choose to take suppers, and the talk is of literature and the arts. On these occasions some new picture is exhibited by Hayes, Louis Lang, Hunt, Gignoux, Leutze, or some other artist, and in the dining-room above Richard Willis and an occasional musical *confrere* discourse sweet sounds. I know of nothing more elegant and cheerful than these symposia. Brvant, wearing a long white beard, is generally present, and his society is truly enjoyable.

William Cullen Bryant has firm faith in the reconstruction of the Union. Here are some verses from his grandest poem on the subject, "Not Yet!"

O country, marvel of the earth!  
O realm, to sudden greatness grown!  
The age that gloried in thy birth  
Shall it behold thy overthrow?  
Shall traitors lay that greatness low!  
No; land of hope and blessing. No!

Not yet the hour is nigh when they  
Who deep in Eld's dim twilight sit,  
Earth's ancient kings shall rise and say,  
"Proud country, welcome to the pit!  
So soon art thou, like us, brought low?"  
No, sullen group of shadows, no!  
For now, behold the arm that gave,  
The victory in our fathers' day,  
Strong as of old to guard and save—  
That mighty arm which none can stay—  
On clouds above and fields below.  
Writes, in men's sight, the answer, No!

The Century Club was very successful with its Shakespearian celebration; but as this is a sore subject for England, I will not awaken jealousies by saying how the club managed the matter. Our great poet is much read here, and much interest is felt in R. Grant White's forthcoming edition. If it is better than Mr. Hudson's it will be an important addition to our literature. Yours truly,

MUZAFIR.

CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS, Oct. 8.

*To the Editor of the Star:*

SIR: As we approach the day fixed for the election of a new President, party fury augments its force, and every trivial event which tells upon one side or the other acquires a significance and proportions which would not have been assigned to it at a more tranquil period. The Democrats employ every imaginable engine to procure the election of General McClellan, notwithstanding his avowed determination to resist the Confederate endeavors to dislocate the Union, and there is, of course, nothing to prevent their resorting to the foulest expedients to blacken their opponents and damage the cause of the President *de facto*. Mr. Lincoln, on the other hand, can do nothing. The dignity of his position as chief magistrate of the republic demands that he should remain quiescent. The proverbial advantage of possession is of little avail in his case, for the law is inexorable in fixing a limit to the duration of his present term of office, and it would be

both unconstitutional and indelicate were he to employ the patronage at his command to increase his chances of re-election. But there is no fear of his doing anything unworthy of himself or his office. If a people whom he has served with unexampled constancy in the hour of their greatest tribulation are so forgetful of what is due to their own character and the solid interests of their mighty republic as to ignore the claims he has established to their gratitude, he at least will be able to retire with a clear conscience and an enviable reputation. If he fails to be retained in office, it will be because those who swear by his principles, enjoy his confidence, or hold office in virtue of their republicanism, are numerically inferior to the masses who expect to reap profit by a change of any kind, and are swayed by a multitude of interested motives, patriotism aside. The war has no doubt enriched many men, but it has also impoverished numerous trades, sickened those who have lost relatives, and disturbed the whole framework of society. These considerations, added to the influences of Democratic policy and Southern gold (for such a thing is current in the Northern States,) necessarily swell McClellan's adherents. But there is no doubt of the result among the New Englanders, in spite of a frenzied repetition of the out-of-door demonstrations which distinguished the contest of 1860.

One of the last great efforts of the Democrats to damage Mr. Lincoln was to identify the appointment of Governor Paine, of West Kentucky, with the Republican policy. I have seen a barefaced statement in a provincial paper of the Democratic complexion, that he was only removed from office to stave off public indignation! The real truth is, that as soon as the authorities heard of his atrocious proceedings they took measures to subject his conduct to military investigation, but the fellow had decamped. Mr. Lincoln is the last man in the world to countenance anything in the shape of cruelty. A few months ago he caused a man, named (I think) Taylor, to be tried by court-martial for maltreating a poor negro woman until she died. The court, composed of Tennesseans, hardened, if not brutified, by the habitual contemplation of slavery, found the monster guilty, but only sentenced him to five years' imprisonment. Mr. Lincoln's "remarks" on the court-martial's finding and sentence were worthy of his humanity. He denounced the members in terms of the strongest indignation, and as the law gave him no power to alter the decree, and he was indisposed to annul a decision which would have set Taylor at liberty, he took care that the imprisonment should be carried out where he knew it would be severely felt, and whence the prisoner could neither escape nor enjoy indulgences through the instrumentality of his friends or his own wealth. Taylor was removed from Tennessee and sent to Albany.

With all the care in the world, it is impossible for governments to avoid placing bad men in responsible positions, and especially in civil war it is difficult to restrain excesses. Officers are selected with reference, may be, to their understood capacity or their military standing, and at the moment, offer in their private character a guarantee



that they will faithfully perform the duty intrusted to them. But the possession of independent authority, or an apprehension that unless great severity is practiced some fatal consequences may ensue, develops the feebler properties of a man's nature, and leads him sometimes to the commission of cruelties or petty annoyances which at other times he would have contemplated with horror. Upon this hypothesis we may base a variety of acts ascribed to Napoleon, Suwarrow, Angereau, Soult, Sir Hudson Lowe, General Butler, and the soldiers of Oliver Cromwell. The wonder is that in this terrible American contest there have been so few departures from the humanities and amenities of civilized warfare. I think a solution may be found in the religious education of the Yankees. Whatever may be said by the correspondent of one of your contemporaries, whose strict sense of justice is too often overwhelmed by the temptation to indulge in a dysenteric vocabulary (and who, bye the bye, has, I perceive by a late arrival from Liverpool, been severely castigated in the *Post* of that city,) the Americans are a God-fearing people. Let any man place himself upon an eminence near one of the great towns, and he will inevitably come to the conclusion that amid all the din and confusion of commerce, the corruption of politics, and the licentiousness incidental to all cities, the Great Jehovah is fervently worshipped.

In every direction heaven-pointing spires announce the presence of a devotional spirit. In New York there are upwards of two hundred and fifty churches, chapels, synagogues, and meeting-houses. A corresponding number in Boston, Brooklyn, Baltimore, and Chicago. Fewer steeples, perhaps, are seen in Philadelphia, because the old Greek architecture is in favor of the external decoration of places of worship, and the Society of Friends are more numerous there than elsewhere. It is true that the number of churches, etc., in the States does not accommodate in the gross more than one-fourth of the population, but when it is considered that a very large proportion of the population consists of infants or children too young to understand the purposes of public worship; of persons confined at home by sickness, of very old people, of young men absent temporarily with the army or navy; of Germans who look upon the Sabbath as peculiarly consecrated to bucolic enjoyments; of free-thinkers; of laborers who devote the whole of Sunday to repose at home or in the public walks; of thousands who pass the day out of the cities in surrounding villages, whose churches they probably attend, the accommodation will be found sufficient.

The community of the States is cut up into an indefinite diversity of religions sects, and there are not a few persons who implicitly surrender themselves to the nummeries of that singular compound of fraud, cunning, credulity, and superstition distinguished as Spiritualism. These last have their newspaper as well as the rest, and a very droll concern it is. *The Banner of Light* would rather astonish the common sense of my countrymen, and some of the services or performances on Sundays, in the name of Spiritualism, would put the

magistracy on the alert. But in this country all are free to indulge their several notions as to the most certain road to eternal beatitude. Nowhere is there less of the *odium theologicum*. The ministers of all persuasions cordially co-operate when any good public work is to be done. I may say of them generally that they are worthy of their trust. They do not lack earnestness, nor piety, nor that regard for their flocks which finds a healthy manifestation in personal communication with their congregations. In all churches the people manifest a decent reverence; the pastors enjoy a large amount of popular respect; the churchwardens and deacons have no reason to complain of any difficulty in collecting platefuls of contributions; the Sunday schools are well attended; innumerable sewing societies "stitch, stitch" for the service of the charities attached to many of the churches; the ministers are tolerably well paid by the voluntary contributions of the people who elect them to the churches; grace before meat is the rule of hundreds of thousands of families; the funeral obsequies of departed friends are attended by large *cortéges* of mourners; and family prayer, morning and evening, sanctifies many a household. Are not these evidences of a religious spirit pervading the land? But go farther, go from the forms of piety to the affairs of common life, and say if the integrity which distinguishes the commercial operations of the Yankee, the charity which rescues thousands from starvation and the perils of crime, the harmony which reigns in the ordinary intercourse of society, and the wonderful prosperity which has blessed the land, may not be in some measure referable to the guiding influences of religion? I do not care to pursue the subject and establish invidious comparisons, but I should but poorly vindicate the English love of justice and fair play if I allowed such reckless asseverations to go forth as have disfigured some of the London papers, without a protest against their acceptance as unqualified truths.

One of the greatest troubles at present assailing the Republic is the falling off in the immigration of skilled laborers. There is no lack of hands to do such work in the mills and factories as may not call for any particular mechanical training. Ireland, Germany and Canada supply a sufficiency of thews and sinews. But there is a serious diminution in the supply of artificers, who are of so much use in iron manufactories and building yards. What are called moulders and puddlers command high wages. Blacksmiths and boiler-makers, saw-cutters, heaters, chain-makers, screw-cutters—in fact, mechanics of all kinds are in great demand. Pipe welders and socket welders get from 10s. to 12s. a day of English currency. I do not know what relation these rates bear to the wages now paid in England, or whether there is a deficiency or a superfluity of such hands in Birmingham, Wolverhampton, Sheffield, &c. Should there be a superabundance of such work people in the old country, I am only rendering a service to them and to America in making known that they will find full and immediate employment in Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Taunton, New Haven, Hartford, Providence and fifty

other places. The contrast between the general social condition of the artisan in England and the United States is so great that even if the wages at the present moment (the price of food considered) are not better here than there, a man gains something by becoming a member of a community where there is elbow room for intelligence and enterprise, and where an excellent education for his children is obtainable for nothing. I read the other day in a Lancashire newspaper that at the assizes in one of the towns there were fifty-two persons for trial, and among them only two could read and write well. It would be a difficult matter in these States to find five in a hundred who could neither read nor write, excepting among the adult Irish emigrants. The portals of learning are open to all, and those who have not time to stay and quaff big draughts of the Pierian spring, may sip as much as will carry them respectably through life. There is no danger here in a little learning—the mischief lies in having none at all. It is beautiful to see what good fellowship prevails in all the schools. Little barefooted urchins sit in juxtaposition with the well-clad children of Senators and merchants, and go ahead just in proportion to their native talent and application. The doctrine that all men are by nature free and equal finds practical admission here, and now that the New England women who went to North Carolina to teach in the negro schools have discovered that there is as much aptitude among the darkies for the acquisition of knowledge as was ever possessed by the white children, there is no longer any cant about the intellectual superiority of races. It was a convenient theory for slaveholders, because, among people who knew no better, it was regarded as justifying their treatment of the poor creatures on their estates, and withholding from them the blessings of education. However, all that has “busted up”—thanks to the occupation of Newbern by the Federal troops.

Yours faithfully,

MUZAFIR.

BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS, *October 11.*















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